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IN THE OLDEN DAYS

BY

MARY SHERRERD CLARK



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PAPERS COLONIAL AND
REVOLUTIONARY

BY

MARY SHERRERD CLARK

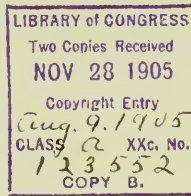
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MARY SHERRERD CLARK

PREFATORY NOTE

INTEREST in American history of the colonial and revolutionary times is a matter of comparatively recent growth. I mean a general interest, not merely the devotion of a few antiquarians. It is gratifying to know that the women of America are sharing in this interest and are doing good work. The organization of chapters of Daughters of the American Revolution and of Colonial Dames and of kindred societies has undoubtedly stimulated the spirit of inquiry and it has been followed by excellent results.

In this book some papers are presented which were originally prepared for societies such as those I have mentioned and two or three of them have been printed in periodicals. The writer did not regard them as deserving of further publication, but some of her friends, believing that they ought not to be allowed to share the fate of essays of that

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order, have persuaded her to preserve them in this privately printed volume.

The modest author would be among the last to ascribe to them any great historical value; but there are those who have a different judgment about them, and who are confident that their sincerity of purpose and their grace of style will commend them to readers who love the study of the story of olden times.

I am permitted to make a confession, on behalf of the author. The autograph letter of Carteret is purely the product of her historical imagination. The governor *might* have written it, but there is no evidence that he ever did write it. The other autographs mentioned are true, valid and genuine beyond question.

A. H. J.

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
GENTLEMAN

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NOT many months ago the great-great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin applied for membership in one of the women's patriotic societies, and was refused admission because the ancestor named was not a gentleman.

I shall not discuss the question, "What constitutes a gentleman?" for the press was filled at the time with satirical paragraphs concerning the matter, but I shall look back for a few moments at the character and deeds of the great American—the most complete representative of his time; and as we gaze into his kindly face, or try to visualize him, with his stout, middle-sized figure, his trim, sober clothes, his fresh complexion; as we read his lazy, familiar letters; as we tell over his innumerable acts of kindness; as we follow, day by day, his life spread out before us in

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that genuine classic, the *Autobiography*, I think we shall find that, as a wit, scientist, leader, and man of letters, Franklin was the epitome of his age, and that his great-great-granddaughter's claim was not based too high.

Some one has recently said, with humorous sarcasm, in reference to a person who had much to say of his lineage, that "he perched on the upper branches of his genealogical tree, and hurled down the cocoanuts of his ancestors at common folk," and if you will pardon a little clever nonsense in rhyme, I will quote it before taking up my serious study:

A QUESTION OF PEDIGREE

'Now who is that,' asked a dignified hen,
'That chicken in white and gray?
She's very well dressed, but whence did she come,
And her ancestors, who are they?'

'She never can move in our set, my dear,'
Said the old hen's friend to her, later;
'I've just found out, you'll be shocked to hear,
She was hatched in an incubator!'

Not to dwell too much upon the question of pedigree, let us quote a sentence from Burke's *Peerage*: "Franklin, Josiah, of Ecton, Northamptonshire, came to Boston in 1682. The family of Ecton traced back four centuries to

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1250. One of his sons, Benjamin, born in 1706."

This son was our Franklin, appropriately christened Benjamin, as he was the youngest of seventeen children, born in Boston, January 17, 1706. It was intended that he should be a clergyman, but a tallow chandler who had sixteen other children to provide for naturally found this scheme impossible, and the late comer was set to making candles. However, Benjamin threatened to run away, so he was placed with his brother James to learn the trade of a printer.

Although only sixteen years of age, he already wrote poetry, and had read Locke on *The Understanding*, Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, Defoe's works, and many others; yet no one could foresee that he was destined to become the most famous master of his craft since Caxton. But Franklin soon tired of serving his brother, sold his books and ran away from Boston. This time it was more than a threat. He first tried his fortunes in New York, but failing there he went on to Philadelphia, where he arrived one Sunday morning in October, 1723. This is minutely described in his *Autobiography*. Whittington and his cat entering London were no more picturesque than Franklin, with his three

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rolls, one under each arm and the third in his mouth, walking up Market Street and passing before the eyes of the young girl destined to become his wife! He says, "Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till I met a boy with bread, and on inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's, in Second Street, and asked for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston, but they were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So then I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street, as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father, when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance."

Time will not permit me to quote further from the *Autobiography*. Henry Cabot Lodge, in his admirable essay on *Colonialism in the United States*, calls Franklin's *Autobiography* "the corner stone, the first great work of American literature." The next thirty-four years of Franklin's life are really

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the history of Philadelphia—I may say of Pennsylvania—if we except the time between December, 1724, and October, 1726, which he spent in London working at his trade, reading, studying, and gaining a knowledge of the world. In 1726 he returned to America and worked as a printer until 1729, when he took entire charge of *The Pennsylvania Gazette*.

On September 1, 1730, he married his old sweetheart, Deborah Read, and they lived happily together for more than forty years. Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, of Philadelphia, his great-granddaughter, and the records of Christ Church, in that city, are my authorities for this date.

In 1733 he began to publish *Poor Richard's Almanac*, and continued it until 1758. One smiles now to see the little, soiled brown pamphlets of a dozen leaves each, which were so eagerly anticipated and so widely read by our forefathers. We can hardly appreciate the importance of the little books, for to the present generation an almanac is merely a cover for soap or patent medicine advertisements; but then it was the *vade mecum* of every household, a calendar, diary, recipe, and sometimes school, book. Its jokes and anecdotes were served as fresh year after year, and were greeted by no chestnut bell. It is hardly

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necessary for me to tell you that Franklin, or Richard Saunders, as his pen-name reads, did not originate all the "sayings of Poor Richard," and a reader of Bacon, La Rochefoucauld, and Rabelais will recognize many old friends. The subject is a fascinating one, and I should like to devote my entire paper to a study of the little almanac, but a few quotations must suffice.

First came the title-page: *Poor Richard—An Almanack for the year of Christ —*. This was followed by an address to the "Courteous Reader." Then came a calendar for each month, with weather reports, as accurate, perhaps, as some of those of our forecasters! The remaining space was filled with rhymes, anecdotes, and advertisements. "Poor Richard" says, "Blessed is he that expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed;" and were there ever truer words than these? "Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead."

The following will delight the cynic: "Three things are men most likely to be cheated in: a horse, a wig, and a wife;" and we couple him with Lincoln as we relish the wit of a sentence like this: "We must all hang together, if we would not all hang separately;" or the ending of the letter to

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Strahan, "You are now my enemy, and I am Yours, B. FRANKLIN."

This is true American humor, which we all can understand as well as we can Franklin's interest in silkworms and rice culture.

Interspersed among the proverbs we find such notices as the following: "Ready money for old rags may be had of the printer hereof, by whom is made and sold very good lamp-black." With what rapture must the afflicted possessor of an aching tooth have read this: "An infallible remedy for the toothache is, wash the root of an aching tooth in elder vinegar, and let it dry half an hour in the sun, after which it will never ache more."

But I must not linger over the little primer which gained for Franklin a reputation such as few men have enjoyed, for it has been, and will be, printed in every size, from a duodecimo to an imperial folio, and in nearly every language, including Swedish, Chinese, and modern Greek!

Nor can I more than mention a few of the leading facts of his increasingly useful life before going on to my glance at "Franklin the Diplomat." Franklin was the earliest American who had fame among foreigners, but his wide popularity was due rather to his successes as a physicist, as a statesman, as a

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philosopher, than as a writer, and Lord Jeffrey wrote of him, "He never lost sight of common sense," and the following list of his achievements shows this most conclusively:

1. He established the "Junto," 1743, now the American Philosophical Society.

2. He created the post-office system of America.

3. He invented the Franklin stove and suggested valuable improvements in ventilation and the building of chimneys.

4. He founded the Philadelphia Library, the parent of a thousand libraries.

5. He made many wonderful experiments in electricity.

6. He measured the temperature of the Gulf Stream, and discovered that northeast storms may begin in the southwest.

7. He pointed out the advantage of building ships with water-tight compartments, and first urged the use of oil as a means of quieting dangerous seas.

Franklin has helped the whole race of inventors by his words, now historic, in reply to some one who spoke contemptuously of Montgolfier's balloon experiments, asking of what use they were: "Of what use is a new-born babe?"

Franklin was as honest and proud as he

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was shrewd. He accepted with composure the honors paid him, and formed fast friendships with men like Lord Kames, Sir John Pringle, Burke, and others, but he never forgot that he was plain Ben Franklin, whose primary purpose for being in England in 1762 was to watch over the interests of the Province of Pennsylvania. And this brings us to the real reason of his being sent to France as a diplomat.

It is necessary to look back at France in 1770, when the Duc de Choiseul was overthrown, for this, strange to say, marks an important point in American independence. Had the colonies then taken part with France against England, a French general might have led our armies, and French gold paid our troops! In 1774, however, when Louis XVI. came to the throne and Vergennes was made foreign secretary, American affairs were again brought to their notice, and they could not fail to unite with us against a country that had openly violated international law by seizing three hundred French ships and casting ten thousand French sailors into prison.

Franklin's keen mind saw at once that a crisis was at hand, and in 1775, when the Committee of Secret Correspondence was

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formed in Philadelphia, he found from Monsieur de Bonvoulois, who had been sent from France, that his surmises were correct, and he asked the crucial question, "If we throw off our dependence on Great Britain, will any court enter into an alliance with us for the sake of our commerce?" This, then, was the starting point of our diplomatic history—"alliance and aid for the sake of our commerce."

Then came the Declaration of Independence, which he signed with a witticism on his lips, and with it the question of recognition; but recognition was a declaration of war, and to bring the French government to this decided stand required the highest diplomatic skill. The colonies had but one man equal to the task, and that man was Benjamin Franklin.

We may fittingly apply to Franklin the words used by Dr. Lyman Whitney Allen with reference to Abraham Lincoln:

The hour was come, and with it rose the man
Ordained of God, and fashioned for the hour.

At this juncture he certainly merited Bancroft's encomium: "Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too

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much; he never failed to speak the right word in the right place."

Fancy this old man as he enters France unattended in December, 1776! They do not know of his coming until he stands before them, and as they look upon his serene yet grave face, upon his hand now stretched forth to strip from a scepter they all hated its richest jewel, a feeling of reverence steals over the French Court, and they bow before him as they have never done before to prince or king.

So great was the confidence of the French Government in Franklin that he was able to secure arms and loans, to effect a treaty of alliance, and to keep French interest in America from flagging during the progress of our war. How he managed to wring so much money from an exhausted treasury will always be a matter of wonder and gratitude, but he did not ask more than he was personally willing to perform, for he had loaned his country nearly all the money he could raise—about twenty thousand dollars.

It was not until February 6, 1778, that the first treaty between the United States and a foreign power was signed. What a scene that must have been on March 20th of the same year, when the commissioners were presented to the king and came forward to receive their

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recognition as the representatives of a nation which took its place, not by the divine right of kings, but in the name of the inalienable rights of the people! Only one condition was stipulated, and that as much in the interest of the colonies as of France, that they should never return to their allegiance, and one reciprocal obligation, that neither country should make peace with England without the consent of the other—an arbitration treaty that statesmen of our day find it hard to improve upon. It was not until September 3, 1783, however, that another "Treaty of Paris" gave us the precious boon of peace. It was signed by Franklin, Jay, and Adams, and to Franklin was assigned the task of explaining how the treaty came to be signed without due consultation with Vergennes. This he succeeded in doing, though English historians are still wondering how the three clever Yankees managed to make their infant country come out of such a complex diplomatic situation with all the honors and most of the profits.

On his return to America Dr. Franklin was enthusiastically greeted by all classes. General Washington thanked him publicly and privately. He was elected president of Pennsylvania a month after his return, and was reëlected for two successive terms.

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His last service, true philanthropist that he was, was for the cause of liberty—a petition to Congress for the abolition of the slave trade and the emancipation of slaves. Again we are reminded of Lincoln, who completed this noble thought. Two months later, April 17, 1790, he passed away, and the nation he had served so faithfully and so well gave him such homage as had never before been paid to an American citizen.

The following epitaph on Benjamin Franklin was written by himself many years before his death:

THE BODY
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,
Like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out,
and stripped of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will
(as he believed) appear once more in
a new and beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
by
THE AUTHOR.

Mirabeau says, "Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius who alike was able to restrain thunderbolts and tyrants."

What more can we say in conclusion and

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epitomizing this great man save to repeat that he is the most typical American of us all, and the most complete representative of his time, as well as of his age? For Howard was no greater philanthropist; Priestly had no keener interest in science. Franklin had the public spirit of a Turgot, and was a diplomatist whom Talleyrand would not have despised. There have been greater men, perhaps, but none who have succeeded in so many lines of activity.

Have I not conclusively shown that his great-great-granddaughter may be proud to claim descent from Benjamin Franklin, patriot, philanthropist, philosopher, physicist, diplomat, gentleman?

A CABINET DINNER AT THE
REPUBLICAN COURT

A CABINET DINNER AT THE REPUBLICAN COURT

AFTER the close of the Revolutionary War, General Washington observed with infinite concern the development of the infant republic, although until he became its President he did not participate actively in public affairs. He wrote to a friend: "Having happily assisted in bringing the ship into port, and having been fairly discharged, it is not my business to embark again on the sea of troubles."

His desire to retire to private life was well known, yet from the moment of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, all eyes were turned to him as the one man capable of occupying the highest office in the new nation. A distinguished Maryland patriot wrote to him, "We cannot do without you." Of him

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it might have been said, as it was said of
Abraham Lincoln, that he was

The nation's only soul
For whom wrought ever since the race began
The subtle energies of thought and power
Toward the predestined goal.

The struggle between duty and inclination was long and severe, but at the first election held under the Constitution, Washington was the unanimous choice of the people to be their President. It was his wish to avoid ostentation, but as we know his triumphal march to New York was one long ovation. At Trenton the young women and the matrons met to do him honor as he passed across the Delaware. On the twenty-third of April, 1789, he reached New York, and was received by Governor Clinton with military honors among a vast concourse of people.

Despite the fact that a rigid simplicity was insisted upon, complaints were soon heard that we were adopting monarchical customs—establishing a “Republican Court”—and even the Society of the Cincinnati was criticised by a few over-zealous “patriots,” who thought that they discerned in its organization an attempt to plant in the virgin soil of the republic the seeds of an order of nobility.

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Macaulay says that it is the duty of the historian "to make the past present, to bring the distant near, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners and garb; to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old wardrobes." Let us fancy that we are entering the house of President Washington on some Thursday afternoon in the year 1789, and are unseen spectators at one of his Cabinet dinners. Naturally our first attention should be given to the host and the hostess.

In describing General Washington we think at once of Houdon's profile, with Stuart's canvas for the full face and Trumbull's portrait for the figure. We are all familiar with the fact that his presence was imposing, and that his stature was lofty, rising to six feet and three inches. His favorite dinner dress was a coat of black silk velvet, with embroidered satin waistcoat, and his shoe and knee buckles were of gold. His hair was powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag. He received his guests with a stately bow, but avoided shaking hands, even with his closest friends. His manner was grave, almost sad, and inspired a feeling of awe rarely experienced in the presence of any man. He spoke

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slowly and deliberately, not searching for fine words but choosing those best fitting his subject. He was one upon whom

Every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.

Mrs. Washington—or Lady Washington, as she was generally called,—belonged to the Virginia order of aristocracy and, as Miss Dandridge, had been a belle in the Colonial Court at Williamsburg. As Mrs. Custis, the beautiful young widow, she had reigned supreme among the chivalrous Virginians; and now it is as the wife of the Commander-in-Chief and the President of a new nation that we acknowledge her gracious sway and bend to do homage to this fair gentlewoman.

We have all read of how Colonel Washington lost his heart to the charming widow,—for she was lovely to look upon and her manners were most engaging. It was not his first appearance in the train of Cupid, for at fifteen he had become enamored of a maiden who bore the name of Frances, and to whom he indited an acrostic; at seventeen he loved “a lowland beauty,” as he called her; and later he transferred his affections to the Misses Sallie and Molly Cary, and to Betsy Fauntleroy, all handsome Virginia ladies; but

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it was not until 1758 that the hero was conquered by the bright eyes and fascinating manners—and, some are wicked enough to say, the broad estates—of the young widow Custis.

The arrival of Lady Washington at headquarters at the close of each campaign was a much anticipated event, and when her carriage was driven up, with her servants in scarlet and white livery, it seemed as if a ray of summer sunshine were piercing the clouds, particularly in the dreary days of Valley Forge and Morristown. She was often known to say that it had been her fortune “to hear the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the closing, of all the campaigns of the Revolutionary War.”

As she stands by the side of her husband, greeting their distinguished guests, we are reminded of Woolaston's picture—with her steinkirk or neck-cloth of sheerest linen, its ends tucked into the bodice of her satin-brocaded gown.

First in order among those guests we see the Vice-President and Mrs. Adams. That eminent and successful lawyer, John Adams, was well versed in the etiquette of “loops and buttons,” and we are tempted to fancy that court dress and court ceremonial pleased him

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well. His wife, Abigail, is worthy of a longer look. She was a woman of great personal beauty and high intellectual endowments. She was born in 1744, a descendant of the early Puritan settlers, and in 1764 she married Mr. Adams. When he went to England on his difficult mission she accompanied him, and did much to represent the colonies socially. Again, when her husband became second in position to Washington, her womanly grace and dignity added not a little distinction to his high office. One great charm of Mrs. Adams's conversation was the perfect sincerity apparent in all that she said. Her ready tact and her practical knowledge of life sustained her husband in many of the most trying cares of his position. Can we not almost see her to-day—having studied the Boston portrait—as she stands there in her dinner gown of celestial blue paduasoy over a white satin petticoat, with a large gauze kerchief crossed demurely over her bosom? Her hair is drawn back over a roll, *à la Pompadour*, and on her head is a puff of gauze and a wreath of artificial roses.

Next we see Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State. We are as familiar with Stuart's portrait of him as we are with that of Washington. We know how highly Washington

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esteemed this man, when he asked him to become a member of his Cabinet, and said :

“I was naturally led to contemplate the talents and dispositions which I knew you to possess and entertain for the service of your country.”

Mrs. Jefferson was a widow when he married her, a Mrs. Martha Skelton, but she was only twenty-three, beautiful, and greatly admired. The story goes that, as two of her numerous suitors were approaching her house one evening they heard her playing on the harpsichord, accompanied by Jefferson's voice and violin. Some note in the voices seemed to tell them of the hopelessness of their wooing, and they sadly turned back.

Jefferson was devoted to the violin. When his house was burned he asked a servant if all of the books had been destroyed, and the man answered: “Dey is, massa, but we saved de fiddle!”

During the brief period of their married life Mrs. Jefferson made Monticello an earthly paradise for her young husband. Their daughter Martha married Thomas Mann Randolph, and John Randolph once called her “the sweetest young creature in Virginia.”

But who is the handsome man whom the President greets so cordially? Is it not

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Alexander Hamilton, restored to the favor of Washington after that singular incident at Morristown in 1781, when Hamilton, resenting a hasty reproof from his General, resigned his position as aide-de-camp on General Washington's staff? All of this unpleasantness is forgotten, and he holds the most important place in the Cabinet—that of Secretary of the Treasury. This man of thirty-two is expected to bring order out of chaos, to put the shattered finances of the nation on a sound basis,—an herculean task. Washington knew and appreciated his great talents. Robert Morris, one of the greatest financiers of America—who had been first selected for the office—approved the choice, and Hamilton's ability saved the country from ruin. As was said of him, like Moses of old he smote the barren rock of the national finances with the rod of a magician, and golden streams issued forth.

Although under middle size, he was very erect, courtly, and dignified in his bearing. His hair was combed back from his forehead, powdered, and worn in a queue. His complexion was delicate and fair, his voice musical, and his manner frank and impulsive. As he stands before us in his blue coat with gilt buttons, black silk small-clothes, and white

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silk waistcoat, we cannot but think of that fatal twelfth of July, 1804, when, after the duel with Burr, he passed from earth — one of the most illustrious men who ever figured upon the stage of human affairs.

Mrs. Hamilton was born Elizabeth Schuyler, the second daughter of General Philip Schuyler and a granddaughter of John Van Rensselaer, the patroon. Among the distinguished men who visited her father's house there were many admirers of Miss Elizabeth, but the young West Indian bore away the prize. She was a beautiful and charming woman, and there have been few marriages more congenial than that of Alexander Hamilton and Elizabeth Schuyler.

Chatting with Mrs. Hamilton is the Secretary of War, Henry Knox, a soldier who commands our highest esteem and admiration. It was Knox who suggested the idea of perpetuating the memory of the toils and friendships of the war, and thus was founded the Society of the Cincinnati, whose vice-president he was through life. The general, we are told, was a large man, above middle stature, and slightly bow-legged. He wore his hair short in front, powdered and queued, and below his somewhat low forehead his small, dark eyes shone brilliantly. He had

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been wounded in the left hand, which he kept covered by a black silk handkerchief to conceal its mutilation. In every line of his strong face he showed his sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestry.

Mrs. Knox had been a Miss Lucy Flucker, daughter of a loyalist. She was a remarkably fine looking woman, with blooming complexion and brilliant black eyes. Although she was not tall, her dignity of manner—which some called *hauteur*—gave her a commanding presence. Stuart, who painted a portrait of Knox, began one of her but became dissatisfied and would not finish it. Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Washington were dear friends, and the wife of the Secretary of War occupied a post of honor at the new "Court." It is said that Washington was not averse to listening to her wise and witty counsels, and that, with all her friendship for Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Washington was a bit jealous of the charming Lucy. It may not be amiss to quote the description of her head-dress, recorded by a New England clergyman. "Her hair in front is craped up at least a foot high, much in the form of a churn, bottom upward, and topped off with a wire skeleton in the same form, covered with black gauze. Her hair behind is in a large braid, turned up

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and held by a large comb. She reminded me of the monstrous cap worn by the Marquis de Lafayette's valet, commonly called "the Marquis's devil!"

Of Edmund Randolph, the Attorney General, and Mrs. Randolph, I have been able to find little of personal reminiscence, although they undoubtedly attended the Cabinet dinners.

Mr. Lear and Mr. Lewis, Washington's private secretaries, were always present. Mr. Lewis's mother was Washington's sister and some of his descendants are now living in New Jersey.

At four o'clock promptly, no guest ever being waited for longer than five minutes—"My cook," Washington would say, "never asks whether the company has come but whether the *hour* has come"—this small gathering of distinguished men and women is ready to be ushered into the dining-room, a room which might perhaps seem homely to us had not a revival of the colonial style of furniture made us familiar with its quaint charm. In one corner stands a closet with glass doors, through which may be seen china and glassware, a conspicuous object being a great punch-bowl. Other china is decorated with figures of birds—doves, hawks and

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swallows—while the old sideboard bears a precious load of cut glass decanters, wine glasses and brandy glasses and “egg-nogg” bowls. Another corner is occupied by a tall clock which reaches nearly to the ceiling, while around the room are ranged small mahogany “tea-boards” or side-tables, which stand upright, like expanded fans, when not in use. Afterwards, at Mount Vernon, Washington had a separate room for the Sèvres and other china not in common use. One set was presented by the officers of the French army and was of dull white china, with a band of deep blue, and on each piece was the Order of the Cincinnati painted in delicate colors.

Happily the colonial fashion of arranging the table has not come down to us, who so willingly follow most of the leadings of our distinguished fore-mothers. We shudder in contemplating the mythological figures and artificial flowers with which the festal board was decorated on such occasions.

The President and Mrs. Washington always sat opposite each other on either side of the table, and the guests were arranged in the order of precedence, Mrs. Adams sitting on the right of the President, and the Vice-President on the right of Mrs. Washington.

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Next came Mr. Jefferson and the beautiful Mrs. Hamilton, and the others placed in due ceremonial order. The two private secretaries always sat one at either end of the table.

The *ménu* was seldom varied, and consisted of soup; a boiled fish, followed by meats, game or fowls; the dessert, apple pies, puddings of various kinds, iced creams and fruit, with no "relèves," "entrées," "sorbets," or "salades" to lighten its heaviness. It was indeed a solemn feast, apparently unrelieved by anything resembling the famous "life saving station" of the dinners of President Hayes, made immortal by Mr. Evarts. Nor can I, without too great a strain upon my imagination, regale you with the brilliant *bon mots* which passed gaily from mouth to mouth—for I fancy the mirth was not hilarious. Not until the cloth was removed was a toast drunk. Then, with formal courtesy, the President drank to the health of each one by name, and "Health, sir," "Health, madam," and "Thank you, sir," "Thank you, madam," went around the table. Our ancestors, like the English, took their pleasures sadly.

When, after another dreary silence, Mrs. Washington and the ladies withdrew, the same solemn and decorous stillness continued,

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save, perhaps, for an occasional witticism. Whether in these days the men preserve a like decorum after the departure of the dames I cannot tell for reasons which do not require any elucidation.

An amusing custom of Washington at these state dinners has been preserved for us in memoirs. He always retained a fork in his hand after the removal of the cloth, and with this he continued to toy, striking the edge of the table from time to time. Of course no human being can explain why he found pleasure in such a performance, but great men seem to be addicted to odd table customs. General Scott had a way of leaning his left elbow on the table and pouring wine from one glass into another. I am told by a friend that a learned and distinguished Federal judge, who tells a story very attractively, usually rises at the conclusion, deliberately walks around his chair, and then resumes his seat. A volume might be written about the way of a man with his dinner, but I do not know that women have any peculiar custom on those occasions unless it be that of dropping gloves and handkerchiefs, and compelling corpulent dinner companions to go on hands and knees to recover them.

Up-stairs the ladies are drinking their

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after-dinner coffee, gossiping right merrily over the latest Paris fashion, at least three months old when it reaches them. The gentlemen join them, and here we leave them, the brave and courtly men and the beautiful women who graced the Cabinet dinners of the Republican Court in the days of simple dignity, of courtesy, refinement, and honorable life, the unstrenuous days when we had no multi-millionaires to emulate in their feasts the prodigalities and the enormities of Lucullus and of the emperors who disgraced the imperial city in its time of decadence and extravagance.

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THE PROGRESS OF NEW JERSEY

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SAINTE BEUVE once said that history is in large part a set of fables which men agree to believe in; but in these days men have given up believing in fables. Historical statements undergo a process of sifting; and the winnowing, the sifting of the false from the true, is not weakening but strengthening history.

Fiske says that we ought to be thankful that our forefathers did not burn their letters and documents, but only hid them in garrets and cellars. I could tell a tale, if I would, of the rescue not many years ago of a great accumulation of Franklin letters and papers which was saved by an observant woman—it was on its way to the paper mill—and which is now carefully preserved in the treasure house of an historical society in Pennsylvania. Before considering the subject which

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has been assigned to me, let me bring to you as a colonial greeting a treasure from the past, which will, I trust, put you at once in closer touch with one of the men who "helped" in the early days—Governor Philip Carteret. Old letters are often eloquent with association and pathos, and they grow into an importance of which the writers never dreamed.

It is with sincere pleasure that I offer to you this letter written by Governor Carteret soon after his arrival from England in 1665, in which he appears in the guise of an ardent lover. The student of graphology could not fail to be intensely interested in this quaint epistle, and would decide at once that it came from a man straightforward, determined, firm to the point of obstinacy, with great simplicity of manner. The signature, with its flourish at the end and the large capitals, characteristic of the chirography of the day, indicate that the governor was not a little egotistical; but I am not attempting to indulge in a study of handwriting as an index of character. This is the letter:

ELIZABETH TOWN, August, 1665

Fair Mistress Penelope—Believe me you are not forgot because I have lett some time pass before I have writ you, but it was scarce possible even tho' I had more than

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ordinary mind to do so. Since I left you far away in Devon, not a day hath past in which your face doth not appear before me, and I have wisht myself back many times and oft from this barbarous country. I dare not declare my mind on this subject lest I give offence to the good people here about who affect to find it a Paradise.

The Savages, or Indians as they are called, seem well inclined towards us, and one Oraton, a Sachem of great importance, we have had many dealings with, and we hope to live in unity and amity with him.

But 'tis not of this, my Penelope, that I fain would write you. My absence may, I fear, make you forget me, but consider how I love you, and nothing but knowing that when the good ship Philip sets sail again for these parts you will be on your way to me, can make the residue of my stay here tolerable. Give me a word of comfort, and believe me sincere when I assure you I am, dear Lady

Your everlasting Adorer,

PH. CARTERET.

The English Penelope did not brave the terrors of an ocean voyage of months to become the lady of the manor at old Elizabethtown, for we shall see later that the Governor remained unmarried until 1681, when the widow of William Laurence of Long Island became his wife—a woman of more than ordinary attainments, who survived the Governor many years.

As to the man Philip Carteret, who was he? Whence came he? Did he help or

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hinder the progress of New Jersey in colonial days, the troublous, formation days of the commonwealth?

In 1664—March 12, O. S.—a charter was granted to James, Duke of York and Albany, for all lands lying between the western bank of the Connecticut River and the east side of Delaware Bay, and in April of the same year a fleet was dispatched to put the Duke in possession. The expedition was commanded by Colonel Richard Nicolls—a hinderer of whom we shall hear more hereafter—upon whom the government of the Province had been conferred by the Duke of York. New Amsterdam at once became New York, and both Oranges Albany, thus preserving the titles of the great grantee. But before the royal Duke was actually in possession of the territory, he had granted to Lord John Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, “the portion of land lying on the westward of Long Island and Manhitas Island bounded on the east part by the main sea and Hudson’s River, and upon the west by the Delaware Bay or River”—in other words, our own New Jersey—“said part to be called Nova Caesarea or New Jersey”—a compliment to Lord George Carteret who had so ably defended the island of Jersey against the Long Parliament in the

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civil war in England. So we come to Philip Carteret. He was a relative of Sir George, but we have little knowledge of his early life in England or of his experiences there, except that he was known as Captain Carteret. He received his commission as Governor of New Jersey in 1665. A storm drove his ship, the *Philip*, into Chesapeake Bay, but in July of the same year she arrived in New York, and a few days later anchored off of the point which he named "Elizabethport," where he landed his thirty emigrants. At the head of his little band, and with a hoe over his shoulder, he marched to the spot he had selected for a settlement, two or three miles inland, and which he named "Elizabeth," not after the Queen, but in honor of the wife of Sir George Carteret.

From an old affidavit we learn that when Governor Carteret arrived, there were but four families in New Jersey and that "few or more would have come thither had it not been for him." At this point one of our "hinderers" comes to the front in the person of Colonel Richard Nicolls. You will remember that when he came over to New Amsterdam at the close of August, 1664, he fully believed that the province of New Jersey was also in his jurisdiction, not having heard of the deed

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to Berkeley and Carteret; and there at once arose a conflict of authority between him and the newly arrived Governor Carteret. The latter seems to have possessed an iron will, for he calmly assumed the reins of government, ignoring the authority of Governor Nicolls, and naturally made a bitter enemy of him.

Philip Carteret's simplicity of manner was exemplified when he went from his vessel to the settlement with that hoe on his shoulder to show his people that their work was his also. He at once began his task of colonization, sending messengers to New England and elsewhere, inviting settlers to come to the new province.

The ship *Philip* having by this time returned from England (but unhappily without the fair Penelope) with more people and chattels, we find New Jersey well to the front then, as now. I may not speak of the trials and tribulations of these early settlers, of the Indian raids and the quarrels over titles and lands. But it was not an altogether joyless place and one historian goes so far as to say "It is worthy the name of Paradise because it hath no lawyers, physicians or parsons."

It was not until 1668 that Governor Carteret considered it necessary to have any regular legislation for his people. In April

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of that year he issued a proclamation requiring each town to send two representatives to the general assembly to be held May 11, at Elizabethtown. This first Assembly lasted just four days, an object lesson to the legislators of our day who would have lengthened the sitting to as many weeks or months.

The next session was held in November, 1668, and after this brave beginning we have no record of another session for seven years, although there were probably meetings whose doings were not recorded. It was at this crisis that the clash between Governor Carteret and Governor Nicolls occurred, and Carteret was advised to go to England and to explain matters at headquarters. This he did, leaving John Berry as Deputy Governor during his absence.

Scarcely, however, had he started when another small hinderer appeared on the horizon in the person of James Carteret (a natural son of Sir George) who announced himself as "President of the country" and prepared to take up the reins of government. His reign was short, for Philip, the real Governor, soon returned (in 1674) completely reinstated, and Lovelace, who had succeeded Nicolls in New York, was forced to recognize

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the rights of the Governor of Nova Caesarea. But when everything seemed at peace, another hinderer appeared on the horizon—Edmond Andros, who in 1674 was Governor of New Netherlands, or (as the “New” name was universal)—New York. His aim seems to have been to regain possession of lost New Jersey, and his surest way to accomplish this was to arrest and imprison our sturdy governor, Philip Carteret.

Of this most interesting chapter of our history I may give only the briefest outline. On the 30th of April, 1679, a party of soldiers, sent to Elizabethtown by Andros, dragged the Governor from his bed, brutally maltreated him, and carried him to New York where he was kept a close prisoner until May 27, when a special court was convened to try him, on the accusation of “having persisted and riotously and routously endeavored to the exercise of jurisdiction over his majesty’s subjects.” Carteret pluckily refused to abdicate, and demanded his release. The jury brought in a verdict of “not guilty,” but he was not allowed to resume his authority in the province until the matter was referred to England.

Meanwhile Sir George Carteret had died, but after some delay the Lady Elizabeth, his

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widow, wholly disowned the acts of Andros and obliged him to write a letter to Governor Carteret in November, 1680, relinquishing all claims to the province.

Thus we find our Governor brave in spite of his hinderers, although he lived but a short time to enjoy his triumph, for he died in 1682. His widow, who had formerly lived on Long Island, returned there to her friends.

Governor Carteret was buried at Elizabethtown, and from his will, dated December 10, 1682, we learn that he was survived by his mother in England, Rachel Carteret, to whom he bequeathed his property on the Island of Jersey. At her death it was to descend to the children of his brothers and sisters. As an evidence of his charitableness, we learn from the will that he directed that "two quarters of wheat should yearly *for ever* be distributed to the poor of the Parish of St. Peters, in the Island of Jersey." One cannot help wondering if this strange bequest still continues to be followed after a lapse of more than two centuries.

I have perhaps dwelt too long upon Philip Carteret who helped and not long enough upon Nicolls, Andros and the rest who "hindered," but let us "step lightly on the ashes of the dead" and be thankful for our sturdy

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old Governor, who though not faultless is entitled to his niche in the hall of fame—Philip Carteret.

Our Quaker ancestors furnish us with much interesting historical data, but I can speak briefly of one who “helped” right nobly in the early times “that tried men’s souls”—John Fenwick.

In June, 1675, John Fenwick, a Major in Cromwell’s army, came over to West Jersey in the ship *Griffen*. He also suffered much from the persecution of the “hinderer” Andros. Fenwick was a close friend of William Penn, and came with the intention of purchasing the Berkeley and Carteret interest in New Jersey, and making it a Colony of Friends, as the Quakers preferred being called.

The letters which passed between Fenwick and Andros are very interesting, but I can quote from one only, a reply which Fenwick sent to a summons from Andros, ordering him to appear before him and his Council at New York.

He says: “I did not know that the governor of New York had anything to do with me, and I will obey nothing but what shall come of his Majesty the King or his Highness the Duke of York, and I am resolved not to leave my house unless I am carried away dead

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or alive and I dare any one to come and take me at their peril."

In spite of this brave stand a warrant was issued and authority granted to "pull down, break, burn or destroy" Fenwick's house, and full power to fire upon him if he resisted. He was then imprisoned, and after many trials was released on parole. He lived until 1684, having in 1682 sold all his landed estate in the province to William Penn. The deed from Fenwick to Penn is in the library of our own Historical Society of New Jersey, and it is a document of much interest and value.

I should be glad to speak of another document, "the great concession of 1676," which some assert is of as much importance as the Declaration of Independence, uttered just one hundred years later. This, however, justly demands a paper of its own, and I may only refer you to "Johnson's Historical Account of the First Settlement of Salem" for the full story of Fenwick's agreement with the settlers, as well as the letters of William Penn, for they are too long for quotation, and if I should repeat them here, I might be justly accused of wandering from the subject. I might also speak of the Scotch element and of some of the "helpers" who belonged to

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that sturdy race; but I am reaching the limit of my time and subject—the end of the seventeenth century. In 1702 the two Jerseys were finally united in one province.

While it is not strictly pertinent to Carteret or to Fenwick, I may be allowed to quote a few titles of books published at this time, in order that we may sympathize with our forefathers who had a taste for literature: "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant"; "High Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness"; "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the soul sneeze with devotion." I am not sure that such books either helped or hindered the progress of New Jersey in the early days.

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BODIES of men sometimes become famous, irrespective of the distinction of the individuals who compose them. We all know of the barons who compelled King John to sign Magna Charta at Runnymede, but we know almost nothing of the personality of any particular baron. I am quite aware that in recent years some iconoclast has demonstrated, to his own satisfaction at least, that there is a doubt whether the Magna Charta story is altogether what we have always believed it to be. I shall not give up my faith in it lightly, but I shall not waste time in discussing the question now. The Signers of the Declaration of Independence have won a fame not unlike that of the Runnymede barons. It was almost a fortuitous circumstance that they happened to be the subscribers of the revered but faded

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document which, almost illegible, as to signatures at least, reposes in a sealed wrapper among our national archives. When most of them were chosen to their seats in the Continental Congress it was not foreseen that they would become the immortals of our history. Some of them were leaders, some were commonplace but worthy patriots, and some were mere accidents. Their autographs are sought for eagerly, command exalted prices, and are exhibited with pride by the conceited owners. The value of the autographs varies inversely with the notoriety of the writer, so that while John Adams and Benjamin Franklin are within the reach of the moderately wealthy, Thomas Lynch the younger and Button Gwinnett, of whom nobody ever heard except the burrower in American history, are attainable only by magnates and millionaires. A friend of mine was asked by the Librarian of Congress how much a collection of the autographs of the Signers would cost, and the answer was, that a complete collection of full autograph letters signed, all of the year 1776, would be worth a million dollars. He might well have said a billion, for such a collection never existed and can never exist. I confess that while I admit the peculiar value of a letter—an A. L. S. in

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the slang of the collector—beyond that of a mere document or of a “letter signed,” I am unable to understand why a Signer’s letter of 1776 is more desirable than one written in 1777; yet the letter of 1776 is regarded as deserving the blue ribbon. In my judgment the interest of the contents is vastly more important than the mere date.

There were five members of the New Jersey delegation in the Continental Congress who were fortunate enough to have the privilege of affixing their names to the greatest document in American history; and few know how nearly they came to missing it altogether. The Continental Congress of the Revolutionary days was a casual sort of Congress, its membership changing continually according to the whims of the States and of the members themselves, most of whom were obliged to make many sacrifices in order to attend the sessions. On February 14, 1776, New Jersey took it into its sovereign head to resolve that William Livingston, John DeHart, Richard Smith, John Cooper and Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant “be delegates to represent this province in the Continental Congress, for the space of one year or until others shall be legally appointed in their stead;” and on the 20th of February, 1776,

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three of these gentlemen attended in Philadelphia and presented their credentials. The Public Journal of Congress, as printed,—a provoking record,—does not give the names of the faithful three, the compiler manifestly considering it a matter of no importance. A little more than four months later, the “province” made what is colloquially styled “a clean sweep” of all these delegates, and on June 21, 1776, the Provincial Congress at Burlington assembled, “proceeded to the election of delegates to represent this colony in Continental Congress, when Richard Stockton, Abraham Clark, John Hart, and Francis Hopkinson, Esqr., and Dr. John Witherspoon were elected by ballot to serve for one year, unless a new appointment be made before that time,” and followed its official announcement of the fact with a ringing resolution, saying to the newly chosen men: “The Congress empower and direct you, in the name of this Colony, to join with the delegates of the other colonies in Continental Congress assembled, in the most vigorous measures for supporting the just rights and liberties of America; and if you shall judge it necessary or expedient for this purpose, we empower you to join with them in declaring the United Colonies independent of Great

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Britain, entering into a confederation for union and common defence, making treaties with foreign nations for commerce and assistance, and to take such other measures as may appear to them and you necessary for these great ends; promising to support them with the whole force of this province." The cautious Jerseymen, mindful of the autonomy of the "Colony," added, however, this significant proviso: "Always observing that, whatever plan of confederacy you enter into, the regulating the internal police of this province is to be reserved in the Colony legislature."

On the 28th of June, 1776, less than a week before the adoption of the Declaration, Francis Hopkinson appeared in Congress with these resolutions, and was forthwith made a member of the committee for preparing the plan of confederation; and on the same day the committee to prepare the Declaration submitted its "draught." The exasperating Public Journal does not disclose the presence of any other New Jersey delegate at any time on or before July 4th. The "Declaration," as there set forth in full, purports to have been signed by all five, and it is prefaced by the statement that "the following Declaration was by order of Congress,

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engrossed *and signed by the following members,*" but when they actually signed it does not appear. It is now a matter of general knowledge that in the statement I have quoted, the printed Journal is misleading and inaccurate, and that the signatures were not affixed until some later time,—Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire, signing as late as November 4, 1776, and Thomas McKean, of Pennsylvania, not until 1781. Indeed, the Secret Journal under date of August 2, 1776, contains this record: "The Declaration of Independence being engrossed, and compared at the table, was signed by the members." Those who are curious about the subject will find it exhaustively considered by Mellen Chamberlain in his paper on "The Authentication of the Declaration of Independence," in the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, November, 1884, reprinted in the volume of Mr. Chamberlain's essays entitled "John Adams, with Other Essays," published in 1898.

But it is not my purpose to enter upon an historical study with respect to the Declaration, or of the circumstances attending its adoption; I intend only to say a few words about the New Jersey Signers, whose autographs are now before me, bringing to my

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mind and to my imagination the personality of each one of the lucky individuals who came in at the eleventh hour, but who achieved as much as all the others.

At the head of the delegation was Richard Stockton, of Princeton, one of the most eminent lawyers in the Colony, whose ancestors as early as 1680 owned several thousand acres of land in New Jersey, including the site of the present town of Princeton. He was a leader at the bar and in Colonial politics; he was the man who, while in Scotland, persuaded John Witherspoon to reconsider his refusal to become the President of Princeton College, and for his services received the thanks of the Trustees of that famous institution. He did his best to keep peace between the Colonies and the mother country, and in 1774 he sent to Lord Dartmouth a paper containing *An Expedient for the Settlement of the American Disputes*. It proved to be about as useless as most of the fair and reasonable suggestions which were made at the time by cool and sagacious patriots who, in spite of their sagacity, indulged in the illusion that the quarrel between the Colonies and the Crown could be settled without bloodshed. I do not find in this attempt to make peace any justification for the assertion, made by

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careless observers, that he was lukewarm in his patriotism. It has been said that "his silence during the opening debates on the question of independence leads to the conclusion that at first he doubted the expediency of the Declaration." When it is remembered that he did not become a member of Congress until the day the draft of the Declaration was submitted and only six days before its adoption, the futility of the "conclusion" is so manifest that the accusation needs no refutation. It affords another instance of the tendency of thoughtless persons to arrive at "conclusions" on premises utterly insufficient. The cruel injustice of the "conclusion" is abundantly demonstrated by the story of Stockton's life. On November 30th, 1776, at night, Tories took him prisoner at Monmouth, his temporary home. He was thrown into prison in New York, was abused and severely treated, and he never regained his health. His fine library was burned by the English and his lands were laid waste; his fortune was annihilated, and he died at Princeton in 1781, when he was only a few months past the age of fifty,—a great man, an honor to New Jersey, and deserving of the admiration of his countrymen for all time.

His portrait is preserved in the gallery of

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which Princeton University is justly proud. It is said that the head of this portrait was cut out by an English officer during the Revolution, and for a long time it was supposed to have been lost, but it was discovered at last behind the picture where it had fallen when the decapitation took place. Fortunately it was not so injured that it could not be restored. Many years later it was reproduced in an etching by H. B. Hall, after a likeness furnished to Dr. Emmet by Mrs. George T. Olmsted, of Princeton, Stockton's granddaughter; and the portraits of the Signer extant in the present time are all founded upon this likeness.

Stockton inherited from his father the lovely mansion known as "Morven," which is still preserved in almost its original condition, in spite of the iconoclasm of these bustling days; a beautiful example of the simple and dignified architecture of the eighteenth century. The boasted wealth of the plutocrats could never duplicate it. It must never be permitted to fall into decay, for it is even better than an autograph, and if the throngs of visitors who year after year frequent the Princeton Inn, standing within a stone's-throw of the Signer's home, will look upon it as they ought to do, it will always be an

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object lesson in patriotism. It is fortunate that it has remained in the possession of loyal descendants of the Stockton family, who know its historical value; and we may rely confidently on them to see to it that it shall never be destroyed. It would have been a great thing if all of the representatives of our Revolutionary leaders had been as mindful of the worth of their possessions as have been the Stocktons of to-day, justly esteemed and distinguished in our contemporary history.

I cannot, in justice to my own sex, refrain from referring to Annis, the wife of Stockton and the daughter of Elias Boudinot. She was lovely in person and, for those days, a literary light. She addressed a poem to Washington after the surrender of Yorktown, which he acknowledged in his stately fashion. She also wrote the ode beginning "Welcome, Mighty Chief, Once More," which the young ladies of Trenton sang as they scattered flowers before the "Father of his Country" on his way to his inauguration in 1789. If the verses are not of the highest poetic order, we must remember that the men could not or did not do much better.

I am not ashamed of my Stockton autograph. He is what the dealers call "rare," and few of his letters survive. Mrs. Olmsted

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had one, reproduced in Brotherhead's "Book of the Signers," and Mr. Dreer had one, also reproduced in one of Brotherhead's books. But almost all of us must be content with the documents. My own is a long bill of costs in the suit of Woodward vs. Allen, filed May 27, 1775—a paper thirteen inches by four. The bill amounts to the disproportionate sum of £5, 14s, 6d; and at the end, in Stockton's hand, is written: "I Tax this Bill of Costs at five pounds fourteen shillings Proclamation Money." It is amusing to think of the Signer busying himself with such trifles as "bills of costs."

John Witherspoon's name follows Stockton's on the roll, and I might easily devote a volume to the story of his honorable life. The fact that he was President of Princeton gave him a fame apart from that which he enjoys as a Signer. Descended from John Knox, he was prominent in Scotland as a Presbyterian minister and author; and in 1766 he declined to come to Princeton. In 1768 he yielded to Stockton's persuasive powers, and he was inaugurated to fill the seat of Burr and Edwards just one hundred years before that other distinguished Scotchman, James McCosh, came to fill the chief office in the College of New Jersey. The story

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of his life is too well known to need recital; I will not dwell upon it. He was "as high a son of liberty as any man in America." No one ever had a shadow of a doubt about his attitude concerning independence. It has been well said of him that if the greatness of a man is to be measured by the influence he has exerted on other minds, John Witherspoon must be remembered as one of the foremost men of the Republic during its heroic period. He presided at the Commencement in September, 1794, but eight weeks later, on November 5, he passed from life; "*veneratus, dilectus, legendus omnibus*," as you may read upon his tombstone in the quiet cemetery where repose so many of the men who have given lustre to the fame of Princeton. His colossal statue stands in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. There was no more distinguished Signer. For two years before his death he was blind, but he enjoyed his farm near Princeton, which he called "Tusculum," in the old-fashioned classical manner of the day. The house still stands, somewhat altered and modified, but it is substantially the same as it was in the days of its builder. I have only an ancient deed executed by him in 1786, but I have seen with pleasure a number of his autographs, including a letter in

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the possession of a graduate of Princeton, in which he speaks kindly of my friend's great-great-grandfather, and offers to be his surety to the extent of sixty pounds sterling, which in those days was a goodly sum.

Francis Hopkinson, statesman, lawyer and poet, was more identified with Philadelphia and Pennsylvania than with New Jersey, but he lived for some years at Bordentown, and during that period he was one of New Jersey's Congressmen. With this exception and a service in the Provincial Congress for a short time, he was not at all identified with New Jersey. Hopkinson was not only a lawyer and a judge, but he was familiar with the science of his day—rather a funny sort of science—and also with music and painting. He composed airs for his own songs, and I love him most for his humorous ballad "The Battle of the Kegs," published in 1778, descriptive of the alarm caused by the attempt of certain Bordentown patriots to destroy the English ships at Philadelphia by means of torpedoes inclosed in kegs and floated down the Delaware. He died in 1791, at the age of fifty-four. We always think of the Signers as venerable men, but Hopkinson was under forty when the Declaration was fulminated. He was a versatile man, and notwithstanding

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his Pennsylvanian proclivities, New Jersey may well be proud of him. I am glad to have an autograph letter of his, even if it is dated September 20, 1786, addressed to the President of Pennsylvania, asking for payment of his salary as Judge in Admiralty.

These men—Stockton, Witherspoon, and Hopkinson—you may find described fully in all the encyclopaedias and Dictionaries of Biography, whose details I do not care to reproduce; but there are scant memorials of John Hart and Abraham Clark. They are the obscure signers, with whom no one except the expert is well acquainted. Many of the other signers are in the same category; few of our day can remember even their names.

John Hart was a plain and honest farmer, who dwelt in Hopewell Township. He won the title of "Honest John Hart," and he was an early patriot. When the New Jersey delegates faltered in 1776, and their faltering was the cause of the new election of June, 1776, to which I have referred, he was named for Congress because he was known to be an enthusiastic advocate of independence. Hart suffered sore trials by reason of his patriotism. His stock and farm were destroyed by the Hessians, his family was forced to fly, and he hid in the forest, never venturing to sleep

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twice in the same place, and suffered the greatest distress until Washington won at Trenton and at Princeton in 1777. Then he returned to his farm. He was tall and well-proportioned, with very black hair and blue eyes, and he was much loved by his neighbors. Hart had a grist, saw and fulling mill at Rocky Hill, which were all destroyed by the British. He died in 1780, and was buried in what is called "John P. Hunt's burial ground," about two and a half miles from his residence; but I believe there is no stone, except a red square one, said to have been placed at the head of the grave by General James P. Hunt.

The only grudge I have against Hart is that his autographs are so scarce and that he never had a real portrait. Only five Hart letters are known to be extant. Dr. Emmet, the dean of autograph collectors, is under the impression that no genuine letter or document of Hart is in existence "that does not show his lack of scholarship, either in spelling, misuse of capital letters, or want of punctuation, and that his signed letters appear to have been written by some one writing a very similar hand to that of the Signer, without betraying his deficiencies." Mr. Gratz, the great Philadelphia collector, to whom we humble

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persons pay much reverence, says: "Hart was a poor speller, using capitals at his pleasure, and in utter disregard of rules. These errors are numerous in both of the letters I have of his writing. I have seen some orders of the Assembly of New Jersey that were signed by Hart, but written by a clerk, whose handwriting *does* bear some resemblance to Hart's. I can scarcely believe that he ever had a private secretary, but when he was Speaker of the Assembly of New Jersey, and Chairman of the Council of Safety, it is likely that he utilized the services of the clerk and his assistants. I have one such specimen, and have seen several others, the bodies of which are written respectively by different persons."

I have in my possession two autographs of Hart. One is a bill rendered by Andrew Robinson to the Province in 1761, upon which is endorsed "Ex & al'd John Hart." The other is quite unique, because it is a document signed by both Abraham Clark and John Hart—two Signers. It appears to be in Clark's handwriting, and it reads thus:

"These are to Certifie that Hendrick Fisher Esq. hath attended the Committee of Safety two days since the 20th Instant for which he

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is to receive twelve shills. dated the 22d of April 1776.

Abra. Clark

John Hart

To either of the Treasurers appointed by Congress."

It is endorsed "Examined and allowed—Jesse Hand, Silas Condict." Notwithstanding my professed indifference to 1776 autographs, I cannot refrain from calling attention to the date.

The few autograph documents of Hart, like the five letters, adorn the most choice collections. Those who care for more detailed information about Hart's autographs will find much lore in Dr. Lyman C. Draper's "Essay on the Autographic Collections of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution," published in 1889.

There is no real portrait of him. In 1870 Mr. Burns published a set of portraits of the Signers, copied, engraved, or etched by H. B. Hall, the famous engraver, for Doctor Emmet. Emmet said that the Hart portrait was taken from Hunt's American Biographical Panorama. After the issue of the Burns portrait, Mr. Paschal, of West Philadelphia, a great-grandson of Hart, said of it: "His (Hart's) descendants know by tradition that

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there was, years ago, a portrait of him in existence, and as one of them I am willing to accept this engraving as from the long lost picture, because the family likeness is seen distinctly in the descendants. I believe, therefore it is correct and am willing to accept it as authentic and will do all in my power to prove the same, while some of my relatives still live to assist me, though at an old age."

The Burns portrait is before me now, and I am bound to say that notwithstanding Mr. Paschal's pardonable willingness to accept it, I am not convinced by it. This handsome, courtly, well-dressed, aristocratic personage was never John Hart, the Jersey farmer, the sturdy patriot. I can understand how the great-grandson, with pardonable pride, might "accept" it, because of a fancied resemblance to contemporaneous descendants, but to me it is very much in the same category as the celebrated autograph of John Phoenix, which was "written by one of his most intimate friends." I am reminded of the portrait of Robert Smith, Attorney General, in the Department of Justice in Washington, which is reproduced by Mr. Rosenthal in his admirable series of etchings, but of which he says: "No portrait of Robert Smith exists. The picture by St. Memin, we are assured by Mr. J. Donell

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Smith, of Baltimore, a grandson of the Attorney General, is a portrait of Isaac Smith, of Accomac County, Virginia, and that which purports to be his portrait in the office of the Attorney General was painted entirely from his imagination by the artist employed." Still, it is pleasant to have even a pseudo-portrait; for we cannot be content with merely a view of Hart's monument and one of a church which he built at Hopewell, all that Brotherhead condescends to give.

And finally we come to Abraham Clark, whose autograph I have already mentioned. Clark's three portraits, now under my eyes, have very little resemblance one to another. He lived in Elizabeth, and the pictures of his modest little house are familiar to the students of the Signers. He must have been a man of power. Born in Elizabethtown in 1726, he had a fine education, was devoted to mathematics and civil law, and engaged in surveying and conveyancing. It is said that he gave legal advice gratuitously and was called "the poor man's counsellor," but I doubt if that sort of advice is worth any more than is paid for it. He was Sheriff of Essex County and served in the Continental Congress for many years. He was an influential member of the Legislature of his State

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for several years—a leader, as they call it now—and he was responsible for what was known as “Clark’s law,” which regulated court practice and excited the angry passions of all the real lawyers of the State. He was called the “Father of the Paper Currency,” which leads me to believe that he may have been a sort of Bryan of the eighteenth century. He was a delegate to the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution in 1787, but he did not attend, and he was opposed to the adoption of the Constitution. He served in Congress from 1791 until his death, and moved a resolution to prohibit all intercourse with Great Britain until full compensation was made to our citizens for the injuries sustained by them from British armed vessels and until the western ports should be delivered up. He died from sunstroke in 1794. Somehow he impresses one with a doubt as to his wisdom—but not as to his sincerity. That he meddled with practice acts, although not a lawyer, that he advocated a paper currency, that he antagonized the Constitution, and that he committed himself to the absurdity of “non intercourse” as a remedy for wrongs, indicate to me that he was more positive than reasonable. I can imagine what sort of man he was—forceful

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but erratic, honest and patriotic but wrong-headed—and he has reaped his reward in being practically forgotten by succeeding generations.

Compared with the representatives from the other states, the New Jersey Delegation of Signers is, to speak modestly, extremely respectable—even distinguished, when placed side by side with the delegation from New York—William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Francis Lewis, and Lewis Morris—none of whom could rival either Stockton or Witherspoon in the matter of intellectual power. But New York was almost a Tory province, and its most eminent men were disposed to hesitate about declaring independence. The New Jerseymen were all of them chosen with independence clearly in view. They were sent to Congress for the purpose of making a final announcement of the perpetual severance of the bonds which had linked us to the mother country. They were distinctly the apostles of the new dispensation, and every one of them deserves a lofty seat in the national hall of fame.

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OF YESTERDAY

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A FAMOUS minister of the gospel once began his discourse by announcing that his text divided itself in two parts, and that he would consider the second part first, which he proceeded to do at great length. Afterwards he apologized to his hearers, assuring them that he would take up the first part on some future occasion. In choosing my own text I will follow the clergyman's example, and will speak chiefly about the Woman of Yesterday, and if time fails me to tell of the "New Woman," you will be able to supply the omission because you know personally all about her charm, her ability, and her entrancing qualities.

Speaking of the "New Woman," recalls to my mind a remark of one of New York's eminent men—also an eminent Virginian, and an author whose books are delightful. At a dinner some years ago, John Sergeant Wise had

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assigned to him the toast of "The New Woman." There were many speakers who talked tediously, and Wise had been reserved for the last, in order to hold the audience. When his time came it was long past midnight, and he said: "My friends, I am to speak of the 'New Woman'; but (and he looked at his watch) it is the *old* woman I am thinking of just now." It is needless to say that I was not present on that occasion, but I am relying on the authority of one who was there, and who remembers the laughter which followed.

More than two thousand years ago Plato delivered himself of an opinion in regard to the intellectual character of women, and from his day until the present time there have been countless dissertations on the absorbing subject, more or less sapient and instructive—usually less. The opinion of the Greek philosopher was in conformity with the mythology of his people, which gave Pallas the higher place over Ceres and put the Muses by the side of Venus and of Diana. In the Faery Queen we become well acquainted with Spenser's loveliest heroine, the teacher of the Satyrs, who plied her gentle wit with

Wisdom, heavenly rare
Her discipline of faith and verity,

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and what Satyrone saw when he repaired to
his native woods,

When he, unawares, the fairest Una found
(Straunge lady in so straunge habiliment)
Teaching the Satyrs, while he sat around
Trew sacred love, which from her sweet lips did
redound.

Had we read none of the biographical gossips but known Milton only as an author, we should never have imagined him as excluding woman from that "hill side" (education), laborious indeed at the first ascent, "else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds." Certainly the colloquy of the Wondrous Lady with Comus or the delineation of Adam's "Immortal Eve" are somewhat at variance with his reputed conduct towards his daughters.

Gibbon writes to Miss Holroyd: "I am really curious to have an account of your studies and occupations. What books do you read, and how do you employ your time and your pen? I have often observed that women read much more than men, but for want of a plan or method their reading is of little benefit." This neglect of study is the occasion of Kant's description of learned women: "They use their books like their watch, namely to wear it, that it may be

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seen; they wear one, though it commonly stands still, or is not set by the sun."

The satires of Swift, Pope, Boileau, and Young on woman amuse us greatly, but it is strange that Swift, after his acquaintance with Miss Van Homrigh, should have clung so blindly to the mere undemonstrative qualities—silence, discretion, modesty. The creators of Beatrice, Una and The Lady were richer observers. But there is much about Swift which defies understanding.

Miss Edgeworth in her *Letters for Literary Ladies*, written nearly a century ago, laments the change for the worse as to this point from the days of Elizabeth, and Bulwer in the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1831, said that the illiteracy of women is answerable for the great preponderance of novels in literature as well as for extensive political corruption!

A celebrated archbishop described woman as a creature that cannot reason and pokes the fire from the top. In olden days, indeed, she was less troubled about her soul than she is now, possibly because it was then considered doubtful whether or not she possessed such a thing. A German woman-novelist says that this consciousness of the Ego in woman is of recent growth, unknown to our mothers and our grandmothers who compre-

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hended their sensations as little as a cabbage comprehends the reason of its growth.

Readers of tradition and students of mythology will find abundant evidence of the fact that among all peoples, from the time of Adam until the present, women were organized leaders.

When Lycurgus was law-giver in Sparta, women possessed much power and liberty, and history records that while the men were away from home engaged in warfare, the land became rich and powerful under the control and management of the Spartan women.

It has been written that women took little or no part in the intellectual development of Greece, but we do not forget Aspasia, who was the compeer of the ablest statesman of her age, nor Hypatia, mathematician and philosopher, who knew more of the Divine Essence than did Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, who had her stoned and torn in pieces by his monks.

In feudal times ladies of rank were taught to weave and to embroider, and old account books bear many entries of payments for their working materials. Matilda of Flanders, wife of William the Conqueror, wove into the Bayeux tapestry a pictured chronicle of the conquest of England. This curious

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piece of work, two hundred and twenty-two feet long, is embroidered in yarns, and Matilda evidently had few colors at her disposal, the horses being of such remarkable hues, blue, green or yellow, that our modern art workers would bewail it as hopelessly un-æsthetic.

The deeds of Joan of Arc need no recital. Mark Twain, in his *Life of "the Maid,"* says: "She was truthful when lying was the common speech of men. She was honest when honesty was become a lost virtue. She was true in an age that was false to the core. She was perhaps the only entirely unselfish person whose name has a place in profane history."

Pardon me for leading you along paths so remote, but it is to the past that the historian must turn by instinct to re-create the days which are dust and ashes, to set in dead hands the weapons that rust has eaten, and to endeavor to re-tenant those houses whose bars the great Thief has broken through.

Many are the names of which I might speak,—of women of feudal days and of the Renaissance, names like Marie de France and Christine de Pison, writers and translators, but I must hasten to those whose lives touch

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our own more closely, and from whom we claim descent.

The subject is so fruitful that I find it difficult to select a field which has not already been gleaned. We have been told of woman in the home, her trials during the settlement of our country, her courage and her bravery, her amusements and her accomplishments, of the apple-parings and corn-huskings in the autumn, and the wildly exciting singing school in the winter, and, leaving stern New England and glancing at Maryland and Virginia, we find that balls and country dances were the delight of our Southern foremothers. Smart functions they were, although they did begin in broad daylight.

Then in Philadelphia, we hear of the Assembly balls as early as 1780, and the *Mischianza* which took place there on May 18, 1778, is famous enough to be worthy of a special paper devoted to its gay scenes.

Her "fancy work," too, deserves a word, the "samplers" and "mourning pieces," with their weeping willows and funereal urns with pious little verses below them.

Cutting "watch papers" was a favorite amusement, and some of them were painted with sentimental legends. We are told that Jefferson once dropped his watch in the

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water, and the watch paper being ruined, he cries "My cursed fingers gave it such a rent as I fear I shall never get over," and trusts that the fair Belinda will give him another paper of her own cutting.

"But," you ask me, "was she clever, this eighteenth century maid? Did she write books?"

Shakespeare portrays his women as holy, wise and fair, but from book making they refrained, and although radiant with intelligence and ready for any emergency, our foremothers, as a rule, followed the example of the Shakesperian heroines.

Anne Bradstreet is the earliest American poet of whom we hear. In the first London edition of her book she is spoken of as "The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America." One verse must suffice to illustrate her style. It was written during her husband's absence from their Ipswich home.

My head, my heart, mine eyes, my life, my more,
My joy, my magazine of earthly store,—
If two be one, as surely thou and I,
How stayest thou there, while I at Ipswich lie?

The Governor's affection for his wife was so strong that after her death in 1675 he remained a widower for three years, a long period of mourning in Puritan New England.

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Another literary woman, who will probably be remembered by posterity in connection with her quarrel with John Adams, was Mercy Otis, afterwards Mrs. Warren. She gloried in the title of "Historian," but she also wrote tragedies, and in 1790 a little volume was printed entitled "Dramatic and Other Poems," dedicated to "George Washington, President of the United States," which brought Mistress Mercy a very courtly letter of thanks. Her style seems verbose and heavy to us, though as a satirist her portraits are bold and trenchant. So stern a little patriot was she that even "The Society of the Cincinnati" came in for a bit of satire, but she had not the heart to censure her beloved Washington when on the thirteenth of May, 1783, he became the honored President of a Society which has continued to have most worthy successors in the Presidential chair. "Liberty!" was her cry, and had she been asked to name the crowning work of her life she would have said, "My History of the Revolution." She never deviated from the sternest patriotism. We "Daughters of the American Revolution" may well take her as our model of loyalty.

As an historical relic the following letter by the "Mother of her Country" is of interest

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to us, as it is one of the few in existence.

"Philadelphia, February the 3d, 1793.

"My dear Fanny: The Southern post not getting in this week, I have not had the pleasure to hear from you; we are all tolerable well. The winter has been remarkable warm, which occasions the season to be very sickly. I hope you and the children are well. Mr. Blair is arrived here and tells his friends that a great number of our acquaintances are dead below. The winter has been so warm here that the farmers have been plowing all winter, and we are in fear that there will not be ice to fill the ice houses in the city, which will be a great disappointment to us in the warm season. Ice is the most agreeable thing we can have here.

"I hear from Mrs. Stuart and the girls often. She tells me that she has not seen Mr. Fairfax since he was at Hope Park with me, but does not say where he is—whether he has got to England or not. Mrs. Harrison is well. She often enquires very kindly after you. Mrs. Mercer is in town, but she is so often sick that I see her but very seldom. My love to the major. I hope ere this that he has got the better of the spitting blood you mentioned in your last.

"My love to your brothers and sisters, in which the President joins. Kiss your dear little babies for me and believe me, my dear Fanny, your most affectionate,

"M. WASHINGTON.

"Mrs. Frans. Washington."

Endorsement:

"From Mrs. M. Washington, February 8, 1793."

Annis Boudinot, a New Jersey girl, afterward Mrs. Richard Stockton, was to poetry

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inclined. Read her "Verses on Peace," "The Surrender of Cornwallis," not forgetting the "Triumphal Ode" to the Commander in Chief, for which Washington thanked her most charmingly in these words:

"You apply to me, my dear Madam, for absolution, as though I was your Father Confessor, and as though you had committed a crime, great in itself, yet of the venial class. You have reason good, for I find myself strangely disposed to be a very indulgent ghostly adviser upon this occasion, and notwithstanding you are a most offending soul (that is, if it is a crime to write elegant poetry) yet, if you will come and dine with me on Thursday and go through the proper course of penitence which shall be prescribed, I will strive hard to assist in expiating these poetical trespasses on this side of purgatory."

We can think of her at "Morven," her Princeton home, writing most poetical letters to her husband during his absence in London and signing them "Emilia," to which he as gallantly replied, subscribing himself "Lucius."

Turning from the dames of long ago, let us glance for a moment at our twentieth century sisters. I should like to paraphrase Longfellow and to say:

Wives of great men oft remind us
They may make those men sublime;
That if husbands could not find us,
They'd be failures half the time.

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Men must recognize the fact that many valuable inventions are due to women. Mrs. Harriet Strong, for example, began by inventing a corset and ended by taking out patents for dams and reservoirs. A woman invented the Burden process for making horseshoes. The woman of to-day is practical and does not waste precious hours of toil over senseless tapestries and eye-blinding embroidery. She is acquiring a store of health which means so much to the next generation. The doll-wife—poor little Dora Copperfield—is no longer in evidence as she was in the “lady-like” period as distinguished from the “woman” period of the present.

A writer in an English magazine predicts that when another century rolls around, women will be six feet tall, while the average height of man will be five feet nothing. The woman of A. D. 2000 will be broad and heavy in build, and will be very proud of her large feet, thick wrists, powerful limbs and great muscular development, while men will have grown vain of their trimly corsetted waists, their pink and white complexions, and their soft and gentle voices. This will be due to the dominant influence of the feminine in the children who are given to the world by mothers who are really stronger than their

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husbands. In the coming time it may be that every woman will be required to marry and to support two husbands, one of whom must be a useful, domesticated creature, capable of looking after the household while the wife is away earning money to keep the home together, while the other will be an ornamental personage, whose duties are to act as companion or "gentleman help" to the mistress and ruler of the house. Cooks will then be no longer at a premium, as food tablets will take the place of the elaborate dishes of the past, and we shall be able to finish a six course dinner in as many minutes.

Attractive as these prospects may seem to those restless spirits who are always crying out for "progress," I cannot refrain from congratulating myself and you, my sisters, that while we may not always be as heroic and as serious as the women of yesterday, we enjoy the piquancy and the privileges of the women of to-day, and we are not likely to be subjected to the dire consequences of advancement and reform so gloomily foretold by the scribe from whose prophecy I have quoted.

AN ECHO FROM OLD SALEM

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THE way of the historian is hard. When I was asked by the Daughters of the American Revolution to tell them of some battle of revolutionary times occurring in New Jersey in the month of March, I thought that the task would be easy, and that I could without difficulty find the record of some important conflict which marked the month of storms. I busied myself in history, searched eagerly for information in the numerous biographies of Washington, thumbed my well-worn copy of Lossing's *Field Book*, and pored diligently over Barber and Howe's *Historical Collections*, with their amusing illustrations and amazing text; but I was unable to discern anything remarkable about the month of March in the way of New Jersey battles. Many thrilling events came

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to pass and many valorous deeds were done in those days in the old Province of Nova Caesarea, but they all seem to have happened in some other month. Why March? Is it because Cæsar was killed on the Ides of March of which the soothsayer bade him beware? Is it because, by some impulse which defies explanation, the fathers decreed that every President of the United States should assume his office on the Fourth of March? It is a most unjustifiable day, coming in an inclement and disagreeable season; an inconvenient day, a ridiculous day. The fathers did many wonderful things and their choice of Inauguration Day is not the least marvellous of their performances. I will admit that they were almost infallible,—although they used to quarrel among themselves very much after the fashion of modern statesmen—but I venture to suggest that they fell into lamentable error about Inauguration Day. Surely they would have been more considerate if they had anticipated the fatal colds which dignitaries in future years would contract in doing homage to the coming chief. Washington City is very pleasant in the later spring, and Congress might well amend the law if it can spare the time from enacting legislation about railways, rivers and harbours, and the awful

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trusts which trouble so many easily worried people.

In despair, I feared that I might be compelled to draw upon my imagination and invent a battle; but I hesitated lest I should share the fate of the ambitious school boy who, in competition for the prize offered "for the best composition" presented the following essay:

I will tell you the story of George Washington. He was born February 12, 1726. He was educated at West Point and, after graduating, served in the Mexican War. When the French and India War broke out, he was made Captain and General and Major, and performed many important services. In 1759 he resigned and married Miss Martha Augusta and lived on his estate at Mount Vernon. In 1743 he was elected President and took an active part in public affairs. He fought many battles, and finally captured General Lee and his whole army, April 19, 1865. He finally surrendered at Yorktown and the war ended in 1760. He served two terms as President but refused to serve a third time having taken a severe cold from a ride in the rain. He died at Mount Vernon, aged sixty-seven.

This reads very much like a newspaper obituary notice or a sketch from the pages of *Who's Who*.

I come back to my quest of a battle. Although it receives its name from the god of war, the month of March was not a battle month in the Revolution. In March, 1776, I

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note the fights at Hutchinson Island, Georgia, and at Nook's Hill, Massachusetts; in 1777, there were Perth Amboy, Punk Hill, and Westfield, New Jersey, and Wood's House and Peekskill, New York; in 1778, there was Thompson's Bridge, New Jersey; in 1779, Briar Creek, Georgia, and West Greenwich, Connecticut; in 1780, Paramus, New Jersey; in 1781, Clapp's Mills and Wetzel's Mill, and Guilford, North Carolina; in 1782, Morrisania, New York, and Tom's River, New Jersey. There were also the two I intend to relate briefly. They were all minor engagements, and no one but the antiquary ever heard of them, except Guilford.

It is sufficient for me to speak of two small fights—or, more accurately, of one fight and one massacre—which took place in March, 1778—the skirmish at Quinton's Bridge, March 18, and the attack at Hancock's Bridge, March 21. Both of them occurred in Salem County, New Jersey. They are described in Barber and Howe's book, the account being taken from Johnson's *History of Salem*—books which seldom meet the eye of any one save the collector of Americana.

Towards the close of February, 1778, a detachment of British troops came down the Delaware from Philadelphia, then the

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headquarters of King George's army, to Salem, thirty-five miles away. There were five hundred men, commanded by Colonel Abercrombie of the Fifty-Second Regiment. Their purposes were predatory, and they plundered at will; they were also spying out the resources of the country. After a few days, they returned by water, as they had come, carrying their booty with them.

On March 17, 1778, a force selected from the Seventeenth and Forty-fourth Regiments, mostly Scotchmen, numbering between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred, went down the river under the command of Colonel Charles Mawhood of the Seventeenth, aided by Majors Sims and Simcoe. They encamped at Sharptown, and next morning they marched into Salem, expecting to surprise Colonel Anthony Wayne, who had charge of the militia in that part of New Jersey. They could not catch that wary fox napping, and he declined to be taken unawares. As soon as Mawhood held Salem, the Loyalists, or Tories, gathered about him, and made up two companies, who, that they might not be mistaken for Regulars, wore a uniform of green, faced with white, and cocked hats with a broad white binding; and they were known as "Greens." From them he learned that there

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were about three hundred militia at Quinton's Bridge, posted on the south side of Alloway's Creek, under Colonel Benjamin Holmes; and he resolved, as he said, "to chastise the insolent rebels," as he was pleased to call the American people, "for daring to show resistance to his Majesty's arms." He robbed the farmers of horses enough to equip a troop.

Holmes was not to be taken by surprise any more than Wayne, and he made such preparations as he could to meet the enemy. On March 18th, before daylight, Major Simcoe with his battalion advanced to a point about half a mile from Quinton's Bridge, and there in a swamp and in the woods on the bank of the creek, and also in a two-story brick house and a barn, the main body hid, thus forming an ambuscade, which later on proved to be fatal to many of the militia. When the arrangements were completed, a few of the red-coats and some of the light-horsemen came out, riding and marching down the road in a taunting manner, behaving as if they were challenging their foes to a contest.

Captain William Smith, of the Second Battalion of Salem militia, was in command. His men were aroused to anger, and were

eager to attack the provoking British. They had been instructed to hold their ground and defend the bridge. But a little Frenchman, Lieutenant Decoe, persuaded Smith to go over and "drub the insolent rascals." Smith got on his horse and called to his men, who with more courage than wisdom, and wholly unsuspecting of the trap, rushed after him, across the bridge, in a disorderly column, with no attempt at military order. Smith called on his men to hurry, saying, "We will have them before they get to Mill-hollow,"—a ravine about two miles from the bridge. So on they went, militia-like, more a mob than an army,—looking not in the barn, or the house, or in the swamp, but childishly pursuing what they believed to be a fleeing foe. Scarcely had they passed the house, when from house and barn and from behind fences poured a withering fire. Smith was brave enough, and he vainly strove to rally his men; but their surprise was complete, and he could not form them into line. Out came the light horsemen from the woods, but now the rebel horses, with loyal attachment to the American cause, refused to advance. They did not like the noise of combat and they punished their captors by declining to go to the front. The militia, fighting in small squads,

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retreated across the bridge, with a loss of between thirty and forty men.

The loss would have been greater had not Colonel Elijah Hand, of the Cumberland militia, arrived most opportunely. He had been informed by Holmes of the arrival of the British in Salem, and hurrying to Quinton's Bridge, reached there with his regiment just as the battle was at its height. Occupying the trenches which Smith's men had unwisely abandoned, he poured such a fire upon the British that their advance was checked. His two pieces of artillery did good service.

Just here was displayed a signal act of bravery which deserves especial mention. Private Andrew Bacon, after the militia of Smith had crossed the bridge, seized an axe and set himself to the task of cutting the draw so that the enemy could not effect a passage. He persevered in his chopping, under a fierce fire, until the draw was destroyed; and then as he retreated to the trenches he received a wound which made him a cripple for life; but he was past eighty years when he died. His heroism completely saved the day. Unable to cross the bridge, the British gave up the fight and retired to Salem.

Mawhood was chagrined, and determined

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to send Simcoe forward the next day with all the men who could be spared from Salem. Holmes and Hand resolved that "no British soldier should eat bread or set his foot" on their side of Alloway's Creek, as long as there was a man left to defend it. During the remainder of the day and that night they strengthened their position and arranged their plans. At ten in the morning the British advanced in battle array, their bands playing, in order, Chinese fashion, to intimidate their rustic antagonists. Holmes had placed his men in their intrenchments in such a way that he could fire upon the invaders from the front and on both flanks. In their effort to gain the bridge, the British were so assailed by musketry and by the two invaluable pieces of artillery, that they were thrown into confusion, and very soon abandoned the fight and retreated again to Salem.

Mawhood now renewed the congenial occupation of plundering the farmers, in which he was more successful than he was in actual warfare. A day or two after his repulse, he addressed to Colonel Hand a characteristic and impudent letter. The fatuity of the ordinary English officer during the Revolution passeth all understanding. After his decisive repulse, he says, with a mighty self-assurance,

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"Colonel Mawhood * * * proposes to the militia at Quinton's Bridge and the neighborhood, the officers as well as private men, to lay down their arms and depart, each to his own home." He proceeds to promise, if that be done, to go back without further depredations and to pay for the cattle, hay, and corn which he has taken. If his proposal is declined, he announces his purpose to attack, to burn and destroy the houses of the citizens, and to "reduce them, their unfortunate wives and children, to beggary and distress," and he adds a list of the names of those who "will be the first objects to feed the vengeance of the British nation."

A silly and stupid creature this Mawhood; a type of the slow-witted English officer of his day and generation; one of the dull and pompous martinets who vainly supposed that they could overcome a brave and intelligent people by waving a sabre and crying out "Disperse, ye rebels, disperse!" The reply of Hand was dignified and determined. After calling attention to the inhumanity exhibited at the battle of the Bridge, he says: "Your proposal that we should lay down our arms, we absolutely reject. * * * Your threat to wantonly burn and destroy our houses and other property, and reduce our wives

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and children to beggary and distress, is a sentiment which my humanity almost forbids me to recite, and induces me to imagine that I am reading the cruel order of a barbarous Attila, and not of a gentleman, brave, generous, and polished, with a genteel European education." I wish that I could quote the whole letter, for it is marked by a simple eloquence and a wonderful calmness of tone under severe provocation. Mawhood did little to carry out his threats, but what he did was characteristic.

There were about four hundred militia at Hancock's Bridge, and Mawhood conceived the plan of making a night attack upon them. Major Simcoe, with a force of regulars and Tories, was sent for the purpose, with orders to "spare no one—put all to death—give no quarter." The British were carried by boats for a part of the way, and after a short, rapid march, reached their destination to find that the militia had departed, with the exception of a small guard quartered in the house of Judge Hancock. Entering the house, they quickly mastered the little force, and killed the Judge, a few non-combatant Quakers, and the guard of some twenty-five. But few escaped or were made prisoners. Most of them were slaughtered

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as they slept, or murdered as they vainly endeavored to save themselves, for the deed was nothing short of murder, the killing being wholly unnecessary. After this valiant performance, the plunderers went back to Philadelphia, carrying the fruits of their robberies.

Years later Simcoe—who became lieutenant governor of Upper Canada—attempted in his “Journal” to excuse his butchery, and to take great credit to himself for his achievement, saying airily of his slaughter of non-combatants—“Events like these are the real miseries of war.” Of the final withdrawal of the troops from Salem County, he says: “The enemy, who were assembled at Cohansey, might easily have been suppressed, but Colonel Mawhood judged, that *having completed his forage with such success, his business was to return, which he effected.*” True enough; he went forth to steal, and his success lay in that enterprise, not in honourable warfare. If he had been a soldier, and not a mere marauder, he could easily have overwhelmed with his superior numbers and his well-drilled soldiery the raw and undisciplined troops of Holmes and Hand. In fact, he failed miserably.

The affair at Hancock’s Bridge was really

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not a fight; it was a massacre. But the story of the Salem expedition reveals the courage and patriotism of the citizens of New Jersey. The motto "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" applies as well to those farmer boys with their fowling pieces as to the trained soldiers of the Continental line. Trivial as these contests seem in comparison with the struggles of great armies in the war of 1861-1865, they speak to us of the bravery and fortitude of our ancestors, and kindle in our hearts an admiration for those sturdy patriots who lived in "the times that tried men's souls."

POOR HUDDY: A BRIEF STUDY OF
A NEGLECTED HERO

POOR HUDDY: A BRIEF STUDY OF A NEGLECTED HERO

AT a "Tea" given by the Nova Cæsarea Chapter in Newark, I gave a short account of two Revolutionary engagements—for they cannot be called battles—which took place during the month of March, 1778, in Salem County, New Jersey. I called attention to the remarkable dearth of battles in that martial month, and casually referred to a fierce little conflict which occurred in Monmouth County on March 24, 1782. Perhaps it may not be amiss to recall to your memory the salient points of a little drama which to my mind is one of the most interesting in the whole war; I mean the fight at the Block House at Tom's River, and its valiant defense by Captain Joshua Huddy, followed by his capture and brutal execution by the British.

Volumes have been written about Nathan Hale and John André, who seem to have been

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chosen as the typical martyrs of their respective countries; and a great deal of misplaced sympathy has been lavished upon the Englishman—no doubt because he was young, clever and handsome. But he deliberately perpetrated a deed which has always been regarded as a military crime, punishable by death, whether committed by a private soldier or by a major general, and when he was detected and seized he basely endeavored to bribe his captors. The name of Huddy is forgotten. He was not a spy; he was neither a British aristocrat nor a New England school teacher; he was only poor Huddy, an humble citizen of New Jersey, and his name is not one to fill the trump of fame.

Let us look away from the quiet Quaker City where Washington was passing the winter, away from New York, where Sir Henry Clinton was awaiting the pleasure of the British Ministry, to the county of Monmouth and the little village of Dover, on Tom's River where, with a force of twenty-three men, Huddy guarded a rude block-house equipped with four small pivot-mounted cannon. The reason for the erection of a fort, if it may be called by that name, at this quiet spot was, that it was the site of the salt works built by Thomas Savadge for

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the State of Pennsylvania, and salt was indispensable for the army.

Huddy had been placed in command of a company of artillery in September, 1777, and had been a scourge of the Tories. In the summer of 1780, one Tye, or Titus, a mulatto, who had gathered around him a number of negroes and loyalists, came with about sixty men to Colt's Neck and attacked Huddy's home. The Captain and one servant-maid, Lucretia Emmons, defended the house courageously, and Tye received a wound in the wrist which later caused his death, from lock-jaw. The Tories set fire to the house, and the gallant defenders were compelled to surrender. While being transported in a boat, Huddy leaped overboard near Black Point, swam ashore, and escaped. He was not a man to be intimidated by mere numbers.

About the middle of March, 1782, a force of forty refugees, with eighty armed sailors, set out from New York in whaleboats with the purpose of destroying the primitive fortress at Tom's River and incidentally of firing the hearts of the loyalists in that neighborhood. On landing, on the midnight of March 23d, they were joined by another band of armed Tories, and evading Huddy's scouts, they reached the block-house on Sunday,

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March 24th, and summoned the little garrison to surrender. The American commander promptly refused, and the attack followed. The conflict was short and bloody. Over the sharpened logs which formed the ineffective wall of the little fort swarmed the assailants, only to be repulsed by pike and musket, with a loss of two officers. Back they charged, and the fort was crimsoned with the blood of its sturdy defenders. But the powder gave out, and the little band was overwhelmed. Having done "all that a brave man could do to defend himself against so superior a number," Huddy swallowed the bitter pill and surrendered with the sixteen men left to him out of the original twenty-three. A trifling battle it was when compared with Antietam and Gettysburg, but surely it is notable in our annals. The heroism of twenty-three really surpasses the wholesale heroism of hundreds of thousands.

The Tories burned the block-house, the mills, the salt-works, the store-house, and every dwelling but two in the village. On the brigantine "Arrogant," justly named, the prisoners and some of the villagers were transported to New York; and Huddy was cast into the old Sugar House Prison, a place forever famous and infamous in our history.

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He was removed thence to the guard-ship "Brittania," and put under the charge of one Richard Lippincott, a Tory refugee, captain of a loyalist company. On April 12, Huddy was hurried to Gravelly Point, at the foot of the Navesink Hills, about a mile north of the Highland light-houses. Three rails were placed in the form of a gallows, and Huddy, after he had written his will on the head of a barrel, mounted the barrel and was hung. It was pretended that he was executed in return for the killing of one Philip White; but it was only a shallow pretense, for White was captured and was shot while trying to escape in a time when Huddy was a prisoner in New York. Upon Huddy's heart was affixed this lying placard:

We, the refugees, having long with grief beheld the cruel murders of our brethren, and finding nothing but such measures daily carrying into execution,—we, therefore, determined not to suffer without taking vengeance for the numerous cruelties, and thus begin, and I say, may those lose their liberty who do not follow on, and have made use of Captain Huddy as the first object to present to your view; and further determine to hang up man for man, while there is a refugee existing. Up goes Huddy for Philip White.

I am not one of those who confidently believe that the Tories were always wrong and the Whigs always right; in the calmness

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of this century we may willingly own that neither party was perfect. But a study of this episode in history convinces me that there can be no pardon for this slaying of a brave soldier. It was simply a wanton, inhuman murder of one of the manliest and truest men. It is sad to know that for his dastardly deed, this Lippincott creature received as a reward a grant of three thousand acres of Canadian land, upon which part of the City of Toronto is built. I wonder that the inhabitants are not haunted by the ghost of Huddy.

As the fatal noose was fastened about his neck, Huddy cried out: "I shall die innocent and in a good cause," while the cur Lippincott swore at his men because they would not pull the rope; and himself dragged aloft the body of his victim. When Lippincott, whose name has justly perished, returned to New York, he reported that he "had exchanged Huddy for one Philip White."

All Monmouth County called out for revenge. A petition from leading citizens was presented to Washington demanding instant retaliation, and at a council of war held on April 19th, twenty-five general and field-officers "agreed that retaliation was justifiable and expedient." A majority desired the sur-

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render of Lippincott, or, in case of refusal, the selection by lot of a British prisoner having a rank equal to Huddy's. Sir Henry Clinton refused to give up Lippincott, who said that he had acted under orders from Governor Franklin—the last Royal Governor of New Jersey. Sir Guy Carleton had taken command of the British forces in New York, and when appeal was made to him, he merely expressed his regret,—but he abolished the Board of Loyalists and assured Washington that he desired “to pursue every measure that might tend to prevent these criminal excesses in individuals.” Carleton was a wise, just, and humane man, one of the notable exceptions among the English commanders in America during the Revolution.

It is said that during the pendency of the correspondence, Captain Adam Huyler, of New Brunswick, a warm friend of Huddy's, went disguised to New York to capture Lippincott; and if that worthless individual had not been attending a cock-fight, he “would have been offered as a sweet revenge to the manes of poor Huddy.”

There were thirteen British captains in York, Pennsylvania, and on May 3d General Moses Hazen was ordered to select one by lot to suffer for Huddy's murder. The drawing

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took place on May 27th, and the lot fell on Captain Charles Asgill, Jr., of the First Regiment of Foot, only nineteen years of age. It turned out that Asgill was not an unconditional prisoner of war but one of those included in the Yorktown surrender. This caused Washington much distress. Moreover, a sympathy for Asgill swept like wild-fire to the Court of St. James and thence to Versailles, where the Count de Vergennes implored Marie Antoinette to intercede. Washington received a pathetic letter from Lady Asgill, the boy's mother, and many other letters passed between England and America on the subject. A request for clemency came to Congress from the States-General of Holland. Tom Paine wrote to the British Commander in Chief:

The villain and the victim are here separated characters. You hold the one and we hold the other. You disown or affect to disown or reprobate the conduct of Lippincott, yet you give him sanctuary and by so doing you as effectually become the executioner of Asgill as if you put the rope around his neck and dismissed him from the world. * * * Deliver up the one and save the other, withhold the one and the other dies by your choice.

While the correspondence was going on, Asgill was on parole about Chatham and Morristown, New Jersey. The letter of

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Vergennes was of great weight, and on November 7, 1782, Congress passed this resolution:

RESOLVED, that the Commander in Chief is directed to set Captain Asgill at liberty.

This was sent to him forthwith with a polite letter from Washington, which certainly merited a reply, although history does not record it. Asgill at once returned to England as the "conquering hero." He received both in France and England an enthusiastic reception, and became a general officer in the British Army. Lippincott went to Toronto, and died in 1826 at the age of eighty-two.

And what of poor Huddy? While his murderer enjoyed the recompense of the murder, and a lad who had done nothing to merit them was receiving the silly plaudits of a silly people,—the true hero was being sedulously forgotten.

Cicero said: "The perfection of glory consists in three things: first, that the people love us; second, that they have confidence in us; third, that they think we deserve to be honoured." If this be true, then to-day we may place Huddy on a pedestal, feeling that he fitly deserves a place among the martyrs of the War of Independence.

Philip Freneau, a poet of the Revolution,

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lies near poor Huddy in the old Freehold graveyard. He wrote in a humorous poem:

I'll petition the rebels (if York is forsaken)
For a place in their Zion, which ne'er shall be shaken,
I'm sure they'll be clever, it seems their whole study,
They hung not young Asgill for old Captain Huddy,
And it must be a truth that admits no denying,
If they spare us for murder, they'll spare us for lying.

I am not a believer in the wisdom of retaliation such as was contemplated in the selection of Asgill as a sacrifice. The impolicy of such a method of procedure has been demonstrated over and over again, and modern civilization has set upon it the mark of disapproval. But there is in my heart a sense of injustice in the ascription to Asgill of some heroic quality,—he could not help himself, he was only a puppet—and that the nations of the old world should have been agitated to their foundations about him, when almost every one forgot and gave never a thought to the fine old soldier, the typical American of his day—poor Huddy.

THE SURPRISE AT PRINCETON

THE SURPRISE AT PRINCETON

THE battle of Princeton took place on the morning of January 3, 1777. In a recent address at a dinner given by the Sons of the American Revolution on the anniversary of the battle, Professor Sloane quoted Lord George Germaine's famous sentence: "All our hopes were blasted by that unhappy affair at Trenton." Said Professor Sloane, "He might have added, as a proper pendant to this doleful remark, 'this wretched business at Princeton has confirmed all our fears.'"

The battle of Princeton was a small one, but its consequences were far-reaching. The enemy was routed; one hundred of the British soldiers were killed; three hundred were taken prisoners, fourteen of them being officers; while our loss was twenty-five or thirty

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men and several officers, of whom Colonel Haslet of Delaware was one, and General Mercer, Washington's true friend, another. General Mercer died from the effect of his wounds at the house of Mr. Clark, near Princeton, where Mrs. Hale, a Daughter of the American Revolution, now lives. Mrs. Hale has recently told me many incidents concerning that historic house.

I shall not burden you with the details of the battle, which was composed of several engagements. Like many other great victories, it was a small battle when compared with its momentous results, for this strategic move of Washington revived the spirits of our troops, and showed Cornwallis that he had "foemen worthy of his steel," a fact which he seemed to have doubted a day or two before, when he was about to sail for England.

There has perhaps been more discussion as to whom belongs the honor of the conception of that brilliant flank movement of the American Army at Princeton on the night of January 2, and in the early morning of January 3, 1777, than there has been on any other question of the Revolutionary War.

Many authorities give the honor to General St. Clair, and insinuate that Washington

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was not aware of the danger which threatened him from the superior force of Lord Cornwallis. Yet Washington surely knew his peril, and possibly may have heard that Cornwallis had boasted that he "would be sure to bag the fox in the morning." At the council of war which Washington held with his officers the plan of surprising Princeton was fully discussed.

In a review of this subject in the Magazine of American History by General Stryker, he says:

"It is impossible for me to suppose that General Washington did not know well what he was doing all the day of January 2, and into what a critical condition he was being driven. It is quite impossible for me to think that he deliberately allowed himself to be placed in a trap and then after dark, in deep despair, called upon his generals to get him out of a scrape from which he felt himself powerless even to suggest a plan of escape."

Washington reminds me of the Viscount de Turenne, Marshal of France under Louis XIV. If he gained a battle he always said "We succeeded," so as to give the army credit, but if defeated, he wrote, "*I lost*," and so I am sure that had General St. Clair, or any other officer, planned the attack, Washington

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would have given him his full share of the credit.

Von Moltke, the great German strategist, considered this the most skilful movement of Washington during the entire war, and it was the campaign in the Jerseys that won for General Washington his significant appellation, "The American Fabius."

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